

The contention of the two famous Houses,

I cleft his Beuer with a down-right blow:
Father, that this is true, behold his blood.

Mont. And brother, heeres the Earle of Wiltshires blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battailes ioynd.

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did:

Yorke. What is your Grace dead my Lord of Somerset?

Norfol. Such hope haue all the line of *John of Gaunt*.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shape King *Henries* head.

War. And so do I victorious Prince of *Yorke*,
Before I see thee seated in that Throne,

Which now the house of *Lancaster* vsurpes,

I vow by heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.

This is the Palace of that fearefull King,

And that the regall chaire: Possesse it *Yorke*,

For this is thine, and not King *Henries* heyres.

Yorke. Assist me then sweet *Warwicke*, and I will:
For hither are we broken in by force.

Norfol. Weell all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.

Yorke. Thankes gentle *Norfolke*. Stay by me my Lords,
And soldiers stay you heere, and lodge this night.

War. And when the King comes offer him no violence,
Vnlesse he seeke to put vs out by force,

Rich. Arm'd as we be let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Vnlesse *Plantagenet* Duke of *Yorke* be King,

And bashfull *Henry* be deposde, whose cowardise
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Yorke. Then leaue me not my Lords: for now I meane
To take possession of my right.

War. Neither the King, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest bird that holds vp *Lancaster*,

Dare stirre a wing, if *Warwicke* shake his bells.

He plant *Plantagenet*: and roote him out who dares?

Resolue thee *Richard*, claime the English Crowne.

Enter King Henry the sixth, with the D. of Excester, the Earle of Northumberland, the Earle of Westmerland, and Clifford the Earle of Cumberland, with red Roses in their hats.

King

Yorke and Lancaster.

King. Looke Lordings where the sturdy Rebell sits,
Euen in the chaire of State: belike he meanes

(Back'd by the power of *Warwicke* that false Peere)
To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.

Earle of *Northumberland*, he slew thy father,
And thine *Clifford*: and you both haue vow'd reuenge;

On him, his sonnes, his fauourites, and his friends.

North. And if I be not, heauens be reueng'd on me.

Clif. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourne in Steele.

West. What? shall we suffer this? Let's pull him downe.

My heart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.

King. Be patient gentle Earle of *Westmerland*.

Clif. Patience is for Pultrounes, such as he;
He durst not sit there had your Father liu'd.

My gracious Lord, heere in the Parliament,
Let vs assaile the family of *Yorke*.

North. Well hast thou spoken *Cosen*, be it so.

King. O know you not the Citty fauours them,
And they haue troopes of souldiers at their becke.

Exet. But when the Duke is slaine, they'll quickly flye.

King. Far be it from the thoughts of *Henries* heart,
To make a shambles of the Parlament house;

Cosen of *Exeter*, words, frownes, and threats,
Shal be the warres that *Henry* meanes to vse.

Thou factious Duke of *Yorke*, descend my Throne,
I am thy soueraigne.

Yorke. Thou art deceiu'd, I am thine.

Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of *Yorke*.

Yorke. I was my inheritance, as the kingdome is.

Exet. Thy father was a Traitor to the Crowne.

War. Exeter thou art a Traitor to the Crowne,
In following this vsurping *Henry*.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his naturall King.

War. True *Clifford*, and thats *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*.

King. And shall I stand while thou sittest in my Throne?

Yorke. Content thy selfe, it must and shall be so.

War. Be Duke of *Lancaster*, let him be King.